

*The History of*

*Fal.* You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous mā; yet a coward is worse then a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy waies, old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt; if man hood, good man hood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shot-ten herring: there lives not 3. good men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while; a bad world I say: I would I were a weaver, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*Prin.* How now Wool-lacke, what mutter you?

*Fal.* A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, i'll never weare haire on my face more, you Prince of *Wales*?

*Prin.* Why, you horson round man, what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answer me to that, and *Poin* there.

*Prin.* Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord i'll stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward? i'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward, but, I would give a thousand pound I could runne as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing: give me them that will face me, give me a cup of sacke, I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

*Prin.* O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

*Fal.* All's one for that. *He drinks.*

A plague of all cowards still, say I.

*Prin.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* What's the matter? heere be foure of us, have tane a thousand pound this morning.

*Prin.* Where is it, *Iacke*, where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it? taken from us it is; a hundred upon poore foure of us.

*Prin.* What, a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword with a dozen of them two houres together, I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust thorow the Doublet, foure thorow the

*Hose,*

*Henry the Fourth.*

*Hose*, my buckler cut thorow and thorow, my Sword hack't like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man, all would not do. A plague of all cowards, let them speake, if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

*Gad.* Speake, sirs, how was it?

*Ross.* We foure set upon a dozen.

*Fal.* Sixteene at least, my Lord.

*Ross.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Hebrew Jew. (us.)

*Ross.* As we were sharing, some 6. or 7. fresh men set upon

*Fal.* And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

*Prin.* What fought ye with them all?

*Fal.* All? I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poore old *Iacke*, then am I no twoleg'd creature.

*Poin.* Pray God you have not murthered some of them.

*Fal.* Nay that's past praying for, I have pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I have payed, two rogues in Buckrom futes: I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face; call me Horse: thou knowest my old word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point: foure rogues in Buckrom let drive at me.

*Prin.* What, foure? thou saidst but two, even now.

*Fal.* Foure *Hal*. I told thee foure.

*Poin.* I, I; he said foure.

*Fal.* These foure came all afront, and mainely thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seven point in my Target, thus:

*Prin.* Seven? why there were but foure, even now.

*Fal.* In Buckrom.

*Poin.* I, foure, in Buckrom futes.

*Fal.* Seven, by these Hilts, or I am a villaine else:

*Prin.* Prethee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

*Fal.* Doe'st thou heare me, *Hal*.

*Prin.* I, and marke thee too, *Iacke*.

*Fal.*